

# WEDGIE WEDSDAY!

FEATURING:  
**VIDEL'S  
INTENSIVE  
TRAINING!**

**DANGER  
TALKS ABOUT  
SWEAT AND STUFF**

WAISTBAND WARRIORS  
SWORDWOMAN TOURNAMENT:  
**AHSOKA TANO  
VS  
SHINOBU KOCHO**

AN EXHAUSTING  
INTERVIEW WITH  
**HORNY  
PSYKO**

RITSUKO AKAGI IS FORCED TO REMEMBER  
THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IN...

**MISATO GETS  
MISCHIEVOUS!**





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KrisRK25

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Mark

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# DANGER'S FOREWORD

## -AN INTRODUCTION-

**Patreon did a fucky wucky and I'm incredibly salty about it.** And I'm about to make it your problem, too.

Last issue I used this foreword to express my gratitude about the amazing reception issue 33 had gotten. This time, I'm going to use it to be slightly annoyed about the fact that Patreon, in a manoeuvre to spend even less money, fucked a bunch of creators over. Basically, they changed their billing information to Dublin, and that caused plenty of users to get their memberships cancelled as the billing was detected as "fraudulent". I had to go around warning people to resubscribe to their favorite artists just in case...

In any case, I guess an amazing month for the zine was cancelled out by a mediocre one thanks to Patreon's little mistake. Not fun, but it is what it is, and I paid every artist currently working on the zine the amount they would've gotten had about 20 people not had their subscriptions cancelled by Patreon itself. It's all fixed now, I guess, so let's hope they don't screw up this month as well.

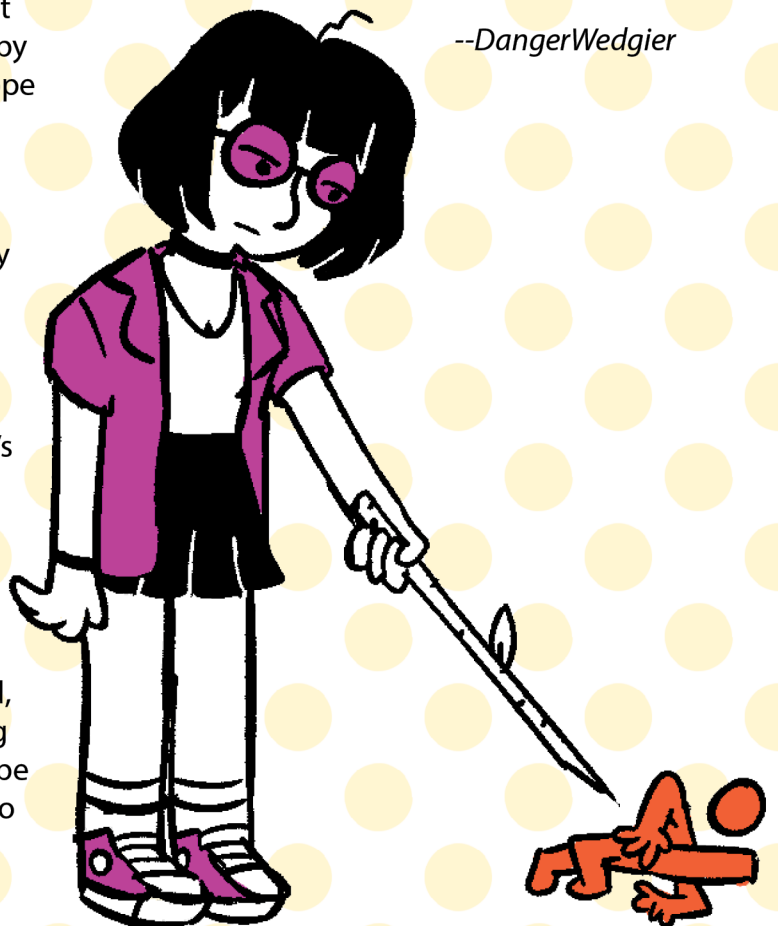
In other news, hey, look, it's me! I sneaked a little doodle of me in the introduction to last issue, planning to make it into a regular thing. Since my tablet is working properly again (and I no longer hate how I look) I'm going to be doodling a little Danger to show up on every issue. As my art skills improve, this may very well translate into me being able to draw some of our Tier 3 patron's waifus at the end of the issue, like we did with OCs before the format changed. Just... give me time to get used to drawing again.

Aside from that, everything remains the same, except for the fact that the summer has gotten much more bearable for me. I can work from bed, with my laptop on top of my legs, without hating my existence! It's strange, since August tends to be the hottest month in this part of the world, but so far it's being pretty chill.

I'd like to also talk about the Featured Artist section. For starters, this interview is a bit more... chaotic than most. Nevertheless, Psyko was a very entertaining person to interview, and all the jabs you're going to see thrown around are very much jokes, so don't worry, we don't *really* hate each other... for the most part.

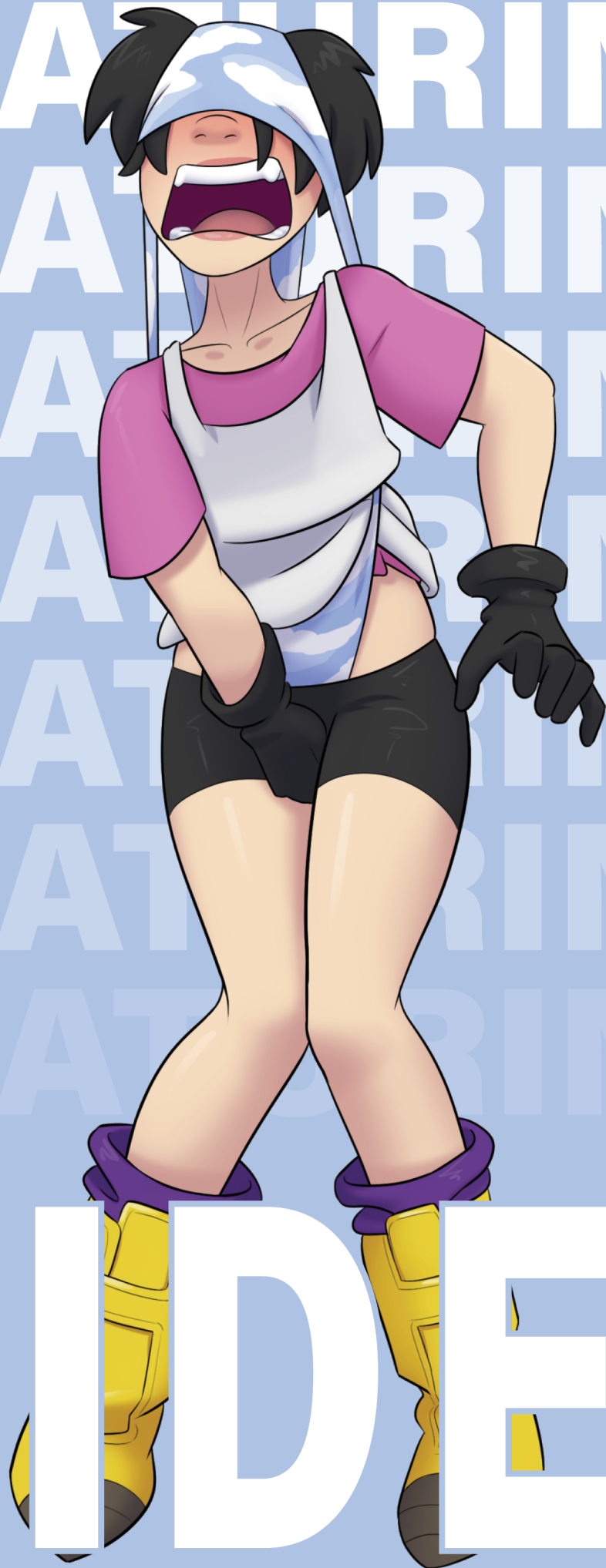
From September onward, we're also going to start interviewing writers! I already reached out to a good pal of mine who is interested in being featured here, so everything's running smoothly. Don't worry, though; this doesn't mean you're going to get one less picture for the zine. Instead of drawing something themselves, I'll commission SMARTDibujos (who is already on board with the idea) a piece of the writer's choosing.

--DangerWedgier





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VIDELL

## VIDEL'S LIFE OF WEDGIES!



Not even an easily-angered tomboy like Videll is safe from our favorite prank! In this month's Featured Character section, we're taking a look at how this fan-favorite interacts with wedgies through the different stages of her life... from Dragonball Z all the way to GT!

### The Early Years

It's not a secret that, even before they were a thing, Videll had the hots for Gohan, despite how much it would hurt her ego to admit how quickly she fell for him. However, there are certain things she's never going to forgive him for... one of them being the fact that he gave her her first ever wedgie. Granted, it was on accident, and granted, it was only to get her out of the way and save her from danger... but it still hurt like a bitch!

Videll being Videll, of course, she took this wedgie extremely seriously, and never quite forgot about how humiliating it was that he did that in front of a bunch of criminals, thinking she wouldn't be able to fend for herself after being a crimefighter for quite a while.



*"Did you really have to snatch me by my underwear, you dunce?"*

That was far from the last time Videll would ever hear about wedgies, though... Gohan, despite how good a husband he eventually became, never quite stopped finding her reaction to such a childish prank funny. So, even though he deeply cares for and respects his wife, he's not above pulling pranks on her... when he's a bit tipsy, at least. He's careful not to do it when sober, and especially not during their crime-fighting escapades back when they first met. Videll is a fan of writing her name on the tag of her panties, so that would've revealed her identity to the general public.

However, Gohan did give her a couple of wedgies when drunk, just because he found it hilarious and was reminiscing about that first time, the only time where it was an honest mistake. It takes quite a lot to make a Saiyan drunk, even just a half-breed like Gohan, but once the alcohol gets to him, he becomes quite insufferable... in Videll's eyes, at least. Everyone else finds him hilarious.

Still, the point is that Gohan becomes far more likely to tease and purposefully annoy his wife, something he usually knows better than to do. Alcohol is a strong inhibitor, so this tomboy has been on the receiving end of embarrassing wedgies at the hands of her husband... and not all of them in private. It usually takes one punch to the face to get him to knock it out --we know Videll is quick to anger, after all-- but the damage is done; the tomboy's pride is hurt.

Don't get me wrong; it's not like Videll has had to live with wedgies for her entire life. It's just an uncommon occurrence that happens to embarrass her a lot whenever it happens. However, as it would turn out, she would miss the early years of her marriage, as there was someone else aside from Gohan who would start to enjoy bullying Videll... and sometimes she'd be even worse than the half Saiyan!



*"You are so grounded for this..."*

## Like father, like daughter...

Gohan is a really good father, there's no doubt about that, but he's known for being particularly soft when it's time to discipline Pan, as he can't really get angry at her like her mother does. Being the most powerful of the two parents, however, he's the one helping his child develop her powers.

Because of the way both her parents behave around her, not only is Pan very proficient at using her powers, but she also enjoys annoying her mother with them. One of these means of annoying her is, of course, pulling pranks on her. Since she learned how much it annoys her, she's never stopped trying to pull her mother's pants down, finding her reactions extremely enjoyable and being too young to understand why it's wrong.

Needless to say, no matter how many times Videl tries to discipline her, she never quite manages to get her to stop... mostly because of Gohan's reluctance to keep her grounded for more than a couple of hours. As it turns out, he's not immune to a sad child, and it's not like he doesn't enjoy seeing his wife get into awkward and ridiculous situations because of Pan.

As for Videl's underwear choices after marriage, she's a pretty simple woman: she mostly wears plain white or pink panties, with the occasional pair of boyshorts. Her most embarrassing underpants are kitty or heart-printed, however, and Pan really enjoys exposing those. She even takes the whole thing like a game where she can just pull down her pants to see if the cute panties she likes are going to be looking back at her!

And once she grows up a bit more, the situation gets even worse! Once her powers develop enough, she can even fly above her mother's head to deliver painful and embarrassing atomic wedgies. Nobody said being the mother of a super-powered alien warrior was going to be easy... and even less when your husband either is not there or is too much of a softie to properly discipline her.

As a young woman, Pan is even more brash and hard to control than when he was a kid, and her mother's underwear take the blunt of her tantrums whenever the two have an argument. Her relationship with her father is much more tame, but whenever she gets truly annoyed with Videl --which doesn't take a lot, since the kid doesn't have a lot of patience-- she does deliver the rare atomic or hanging wedgie.



*"You come back here right now and help your mother out of this-- this wedgie!"*

Videl's family life sure is not easy. As much as she may love her husband and child to death, having to endure the occasional prank sure does remind her that the cute, easy to anger tomboy is an archetype everyone adores to see embarrassed. Though, to be fair, she's accepted it as part of her life at this point, and it doesn't get to her nearly as much these days.

*We hope you enjoyed this look into the life of this powerful woman, who, despite of all her strengths, still can't get away from a couple wedgies or pantsings a month. As you know, this section is made possible by our tier 3 patrons, who give us suggestions on which girls should be featured each month. Watch out for the next "featured girl suggestions" post!*



# WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT

-Round 1: Fight 2-

**In this arena, and particularly in this tournament, creativity can save one's ass... literally.** When you're dealing with a woman with strange psychic powers and swords that far exceed the capabilities of yours, you have to learn to improvise... and that's exactly what Shinobu was doing. Or, rather, what she was planning on doing, since the first thing she needed was to find an opening to sneak precisely one attack against her rival. One hit, and the fight would be over. Ahsoka just didn't know it yet.

"Would you stop moving and face me?" the Jedi asked, clearly annoyed by Shinobu's lack of retaliation. She was far more mature than when her unfortunate master Anakin Skywalker was teaching her, but she still held a bit of impatience in her. "This is a fight, not hide-and-seek."

The reason for her annoyance, of course, was that she could not strike her as long as she didn't put up a fight. If Shinobu didn't try to attack her, Ahsoka, as a pacekeeper, was completely powerless against her... something her opponent was clearly taking advantage of. Of course, Ahsoka hadn't told her about the Jedi code she still begrudgingly followed; she was just a very observant person.

"Perhaps you should try harder," the petite girl commented with a beaming smile that was designed to throw Ahsoka off even more. "Or... maybe not. After all, it's not like you can even hit me until I threaten you in any way. Plus, those weapons... they definitely don't feel like something that would *just* destroy my clothes."

She was completely right, of course. As far above her power level as Ahsoka was, she was limited by the strength of the very weapons that gave her that advantage. That realization, which hit Ahsoka right in the correct moment, finally allowed Shinobu to jump forward and slash her opponent across the shoulder, one of the only parts of her body that was exposed.

"For how much you tease me, that hit wasn't particularly painful," the Jedi scoffed. There was something she heavily disliked about Shinobu's attitude, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. There was something... evil hiding behind her innocent smile.

"Are you sure about that?" Shinobu kept her façade in place. As the question hit her, Ahsoka realized that perhaps she'd been a little too quick to dismiss the demon slayer's attack like that. Though the hit itself had done virtually nothing to her physical integrity, the wound itself felt a bit more searing than it should. Ahsoka knew she couldn't drop her weapons to scratch it, though, so she stood her guard.

As she tried to strike Shinobu again, however, she realized her movements were slower, clumsier; her grace and swiftness replaced by a sluggishness unworthy of a Jedi. Furthermore, she felt like Shinobu was moving at double speed... and reaching for her waistband.

"Eek!" Ahsoka cried as her blue polka-dotted panties were yanked out of her skirt. Shinobu, however, didn't keep them stretched for long. Instead, she delivered quick, successive pulls every time Ahsoka tried to move or turn around to face her. She was like a blur now, like she had somehow acquired more speed by injuring Ahsoka. "W-what did you do to me?"

"I tend to use strong poisons to slay demons," Shinobu explained as she gave another tug. "Of course, I wasn't going to use one of those on another sentient being, but... it's only slightly weaker. It won't kill you, but it will make you easier to deal with."



# WAISTBAND WARRIORS

Despite the fog that was starting to gather around her brain, Ahsoka could still tell there was something deeply wrong with Shinobu: she appeared to be enjoying this far more than she should. She didn't let that distract her, though: despite the stinging pain in her behind, she had to focus on forcing her body to work. She'd been poisoned before, during the Clone Wars... she was an inexperienced child back then, but now she had the knowledge of how to use the Force to essentially purge the poison from her body, or at least weaken it enough so that it didn't pose a problem.

"I'm sure I would've figured out eventually..." the words came out slurred. She knew she had to deal with this issue as quickly as possible, and that meant she had to buy a little time. She projected her power inward, toward her body, as she continued to talk to Shinobu. "You may think you outsmarted me, but you've only delayed the inevitable..."

Shinobu's pulls only became stronger, more aggressive, as Ahsoka taunted her. Ironically, all she managed to do was allow the Jedi to connect more with her body, to see through the pain. That was an unexpected byproduct of her words, but one she accepted wholeheartedly, as it only sped up the recovery process... at the cost of her blue underpants being rammed in between her orange buttocks again and again. Then again, being a Jedi required sacrifice.

"Oh, I'm fairly sure I got you beat," came Shinobu's response from behind her, accompanied by another yank. Again, she seemed to be deriving some sort of sadistic pleasure from seeing Ahsoka like this. "I don't understand your powers, but that doesn't mean I can't outsmart them."

"That's fair," Ahsoka conceded. That last pull had been enough to reinforce the connection to her own body enough that she could now project the Force outward. "Outsmarting someone is usually the difference between life and death... especially when you're dealing with an enemy stronger than you."

She put away her lightsabers; she wasn't going to need them. Still feeling a little tingly from the poison, but not in full control of her body, she raised her arms in the air, sending all the energy she'd been accumulating while enduring Shinobu's painful assault into a controlled wave that came not from a misguided sense of revenge, but with her renewed connection to her own body.

"Eeeek!" Shinobu's face distorted into a grimace as her panties, pink with white butterflies, were ejected out of her pants and toward the ceiling, the frilly legholes previously hugging her cheeks now stretched beyond recognition. "N-no! How did you manage to--"

"I can sense how full of spite you are," Ahsoka cut her off. She used the Force to cause Shinobu's baggy pants to fall, the belt keeping them in place now undone. "Maybe that was your downfall. I'm not doing this out of spite, or getting any pleasure from it, mind you. I'm just doing this because it's what must be done!"

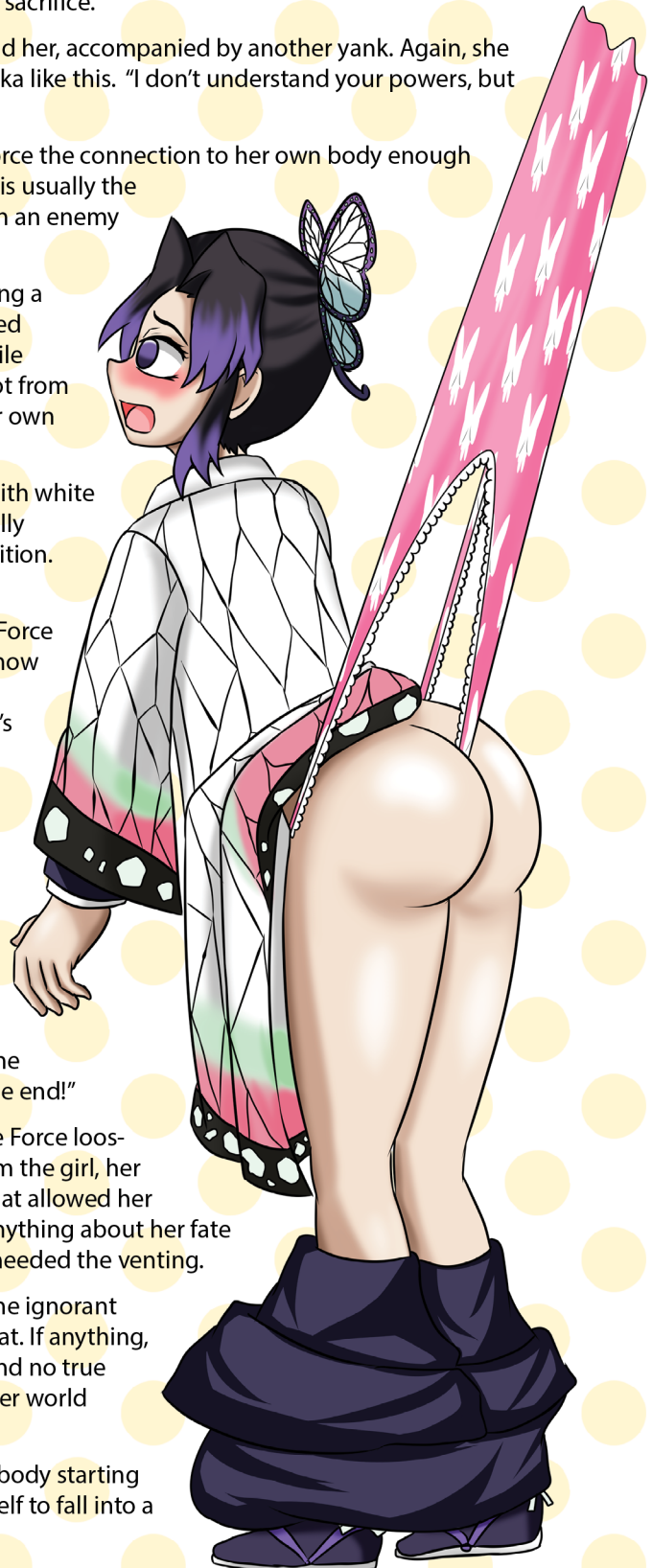
Despite her words, Ahsoka knew that wasn't fully true. That's what she wanted to tell Shinobu and herself, but... it did feel good to get some revenge. She smirked to herself as she sent Shinobu flying through the arena, still feeling the poison slowly weakening her body again. She had to finish the fight before it sent her into a state where she couldn't properly command the Force anymore.

"Urk!" the demon slayer cried as she was nailed to one of the pillars of the arena by her panties, a pointy rock securing the waistband to its cylindrical surface. "I-I'm not stupid enough to not accept when someone has defeated me... but I will r-remember this, understand? This is not the end!"

With the task finished and her grasp on the more physical aspect of the Force loosening, Ahsoka could now feel the extreme embarrassment coming from the girl, her words a mere way of processing that humiliation and anger in a way that allowed her some dignity. She allowed it; after all, it wasn't like Shinobu could do anything about her fate at this point... and it was clear that, whatever was tormenting her, she needed the venting.

A lesser Jedi would've told her to shut up and swallow her anger, like the ignorant masters of old, but Ahsoka knew that nothing good ever came from that. If anything, allowing her to vent her frustrations on her, who had nothing to lose and no true capacity to judge her, was a great idea... perhaps she would return to her world with renewed energies.

As she heard the girl curse and threaten her, however, she also felt her body starting to go numb again. With her objective completed, Ahsoka allowed herself to fall into a sleep that promised to end in an unpleasant hangover.

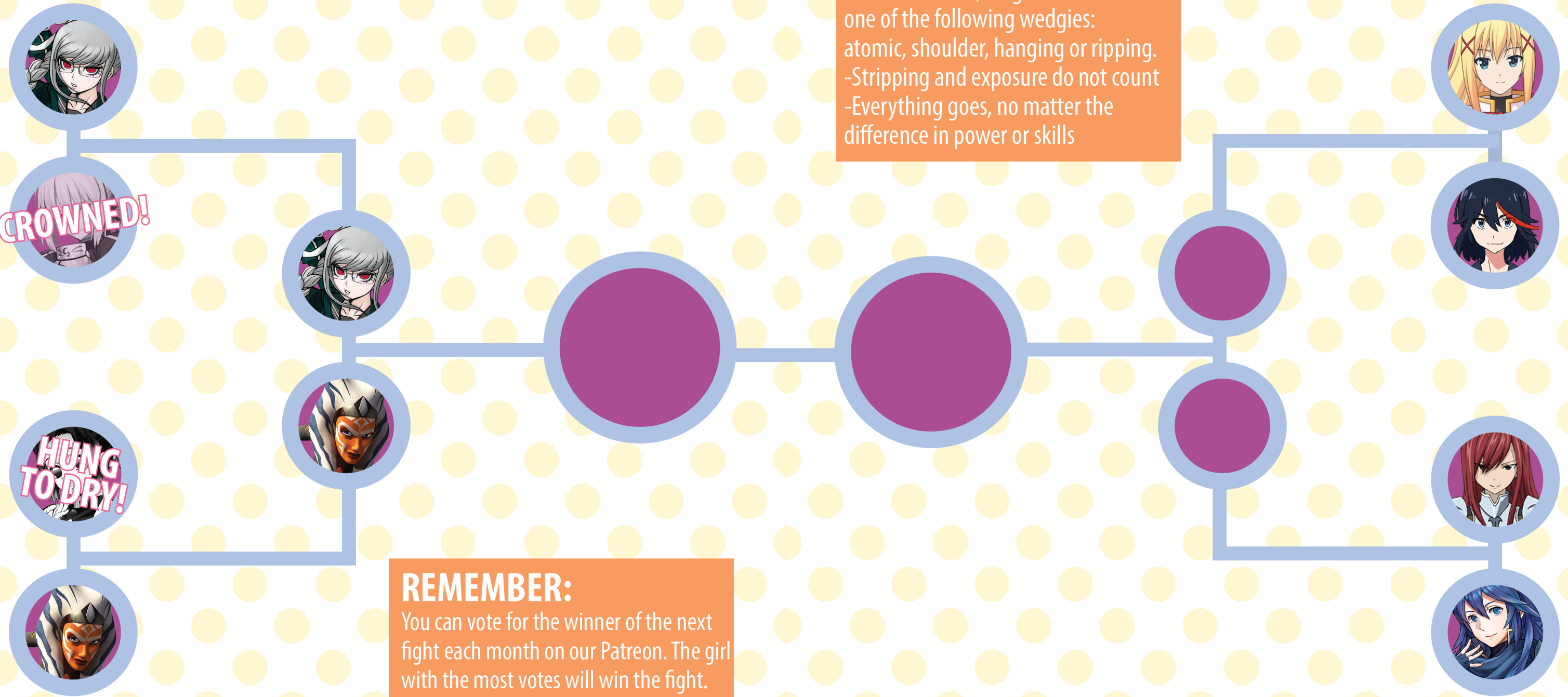




# TOURNAMENT STATUS

**THE RULES:**

- In order to win, a fighter MUST deliver one of the following wedgies: atomic, shoulder, hanging or ripping.
- Stripping and exposure do not count
- Everything goes, no matter the difference in power or skills



**REMEMBER:**  
 You can vote for the winner of the next fight each month on our Patreon. The girl with the most votes will win the fight. In the case of a tie, we will decide it on a coin-toss. Depending on the difference in votes, the winner may receive more or less clothing damage!





# DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



**We all sweat.** Especially during the summer. And especially down there. If you say you don't, you're lying.

In all seriousness, though, sweaty or smelly underwear is a big point of contention between wedgie writers and content producers / consumers. Some think it's hot, some think it's gross... some, like me, are very much in the middle. In another attempt to keep my ramblings relevant to the times, I'll delve into what I think are the pros and cons of sweaty panties, and why people may enjoy them or dislike them.

First thing on the list is an unavoidable truth: sweaty underwear is very realistic. This depends on whether you care about realism at all, as well as your initial disposition towards sweat. If you want there to be sweat and smell involved, there really isn't a better excuse than "it's realistic, so I did it". Not that anyone has to justify their fetish preferences to the world, of course, but it's certainly worth mentioning considering how many "unrealistic" wedgie variations there are. Like I said at the beginning, sweating is only natural, so it makes sense that fetishists that are seeking realism in their stories or artwork would gravitate toward it.

Still, there are girls who sweat more than others. And girls who are so lazy they refuse to even change their undies every day, and that makes it easier for smell to accumulate. This is the next big reason (and probably the most popular one) as to why this kind of trope is popular: panties that are particularly smelly denote a girl who is lazy or dirty, which is a big turn-on for a good section of the wedgie "fanbase". As exemplified by Futaba Sakura in the next page, it's easy to correlate being a geek with not being particularly clean (though that's clearly not the case for every character).

Girls who are NEETs, gamers, or just a mirror to male geekness in general, are less likely to take care of their appearance. Considering how much the community loves that kind of characters, it's only natural that a good amount of people would gravitate toward having them wear panties that are not exactly clean, since the fact that they're massive losers who can't even bother to change their underwear adds to the humiliation.

This doesn't apply to just gamers and geeks, though. A character I considered using for the illustration of this section (but eventually decided against considering we had Kaede in the last issue) was Toko Fukawa, from Danganronpa. Toko is one of very few characters known to canonically wear dirty underwear: if you look close, you'll notice the dark stains on her grey panties' sprite.

Toko is more of a traditional nerd than most characters in her series, but the point they're trying to convey here is clear: she's so obsessed with her writing, and she's so much of a shut-in weirdo, that she barely even bothers about keeping herself clean. This kind of laser-focused obsession is the marking of a dork, and the lack of care for their underwear is just a way to express an extreme version of that.

The term "girlfailure" is thrown around a lot these days, but it's almost never elaborated upon when we're talking about wedgies. A true girlfailure, a character who has lost at life so much that she is unlikely to ever crawl out of that hole, would absolutely not have the time, energy or motivation to look or smell good.

One of the most notorious girlfailure characters the community has embraced is Kobeni Higashiyama, from Chainsaw Man, who's arguably one of the girls the community is harsher on. Notably, quite a few artists and writers have depicted her wearing raggedy or sweaty underwear, to add to her depiction as an absolute loser. Some have also implied that, because of her economic situation, she wears cheap panties that rip easily, something that can easily relate to the trope at hand.

Cheap underwear is an entirely different beast we should discuss some other day, but it definitely adds something to the whole girlfailure vibe. Bonus points if they don't have enough money to buy too many of them and end up having to rely on the same few pairs every week, causing them to quickly deteriorate and accumulate smell...

# DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

Now, about the actual wedgies. I don't think I need to tell you that an atomic wedgie with less-than-clean underwear would be several degrees of unpleasantness above your regular wedgie. We've all seen the phrases "I can taste / smell my ass!" and "I wished I put on clean panties today!" repeated in wedgie content, and for good reason: the act of being forced to smell your own disgusting bodily fluids with you being unable to do anything about it just makes the wedgie all the more humiliating.

Plus, and this is an important point, it's a girl's fault if her panties are smelly. If you get an atomic and you can "smell your ass" that likely means you're a bit of a lazy bum who should've put on a clean pair today instead of deciding to wear the same one twice in a row. It adds to the embarrassment because it's something you can avoid by just being a clean, organized person. As always, the role the victim plays in their own humiliation is relevant here: don't wear embarrassing panties, don't wear dirty panties, don't wear stretchy ones. If you do, it's kind of your own fault that your wedgie is worse than normal, or even that you got a wedgie at all.

So, to recap, this kind of trope applies to girls who don't regularly wash or change her underwear, meaning it adds another point to her humiliation. Not only are they being victim of a very childish prank, not only are their panties on display, they're also exposed as unwashed slob. Sometimes, the character may take pride in her ability to wear the same pair of panties for days on end, which can make it more or less embarrassing depending on how you see it.

I, personally, think that seeing a character proudly admit that they have an unwashed ass kind of adds to the embarrassment, since they don't even see what the problem is. They may not feel as embarrassed, but everyone around them now knows what kind of person they are.

Now, I understand that the "sweaty underwear" trope isn't for everyone. I'm the first to wince at messy wedgies, for example, so believe me when I say I don't really mind the fact that someone finds a certain type of wedgie less attractive than I do. Smell and fluids are not for everyone, since in reality they can be quite unpleasant, but... hey, there are some people who even like them, so, more power to them.

Still, I get that the scatological nature of this particular trope can put people off really easily. For me... honestly, I draw the line at the other kind of fluids. You know, the *really* smelly ones.

In the end, however, this is just another means by which to humiliate the victim of a wedgie. It's not to everyone's taste because it involves something that is not 100% pleasant in real life, but even if I would find it pretty annoying and even disgusting under most real-world circumstances, I see its place in the wedgie community and the larger humiliation scene. Plus, I'm not against using it myself, if the situation and / or character calls for it...

--DangerWedgier





FEATURED ARTIST:

# HORNYPYSYKO



*Ugh. So after an extremely cooperative, easy, nice, polite interview, having to deal with this absolute goblin of a woman has certainly been an experience. I basically had to rip the answers out of her bratty mouth... anyway, let's see what she has to say for herself.*

**HP:** Hi, my name is Mika, AKA HornyPsyko or Psykomouse! You nerds know me for wedgie art but im also an animator, cosplayer and an artist in general. I love wedgies and drawing fucking losers --like Danger here-- suffering! Oh, and I'm also probably better than you at smash bros. Is that long enough of an answer?

**DW:** ...off to an amazing start, I see. Anyway, first off I'd like to ask what exactly it is that you like about wedgies, and why you got into them in the first place.

**PK:** Wel, I like drawing lots of things! If we're talking wedgies specifically, though... I mostly enjoy drawing something where the receiver is in extreme humiliation. That's just what makes wedgies work for me, as a kink thing and just a prank in general. Absolutely dominating and embarrassing someone --or being on the receiving end-- is fucking baller. The pain is also a factor, of course.

I like them simply because it has been my fetish all of my life. I got into them from getting them in school. *And* giving them. Mostly giving them, yes. I definitely developed the fetish from that, but I don't want to get too psychological...

**DW:** And in terms of your art, what are the specifics of what you like drawing?

**PK:** I like drawing more grounded wedgies, cause I'm not a fan of super unrealistic cartoony stuff. My favorites are the atomic and bouncing --mostly because those are the ones I enjoy in real life too.

I like drawing all types of characters but lean toward girls, and even more toward cute ones. My personal favorite trope is just some school bullying, hallway, bathroom, flagpole... you name it, nothing

like a bully and a nerd. I also enjoy drawing friends just messing around, though.

**DW:** Messing around, yes. Your non-commissioned art does feature a lot of OCs and personas from other artists.

**PK:** Yeah, I like making friends that also like wedgies, especially artists from the community. I'm always looking to have more friends who can prank me and who I can prank. Has to do with the fact that I also enjoy roleplaying a lot, but it's usually only with select people.

Some of the dorks I've collabed are Jessie4, Nikk, UmberBee, Wazaca, Makiibear... just to name a few. And now you, of course.

**DW:** Outside of OCs, what franchises and/or characters do you like to work with?

**OK:** Cute angry girls are a big favorite of mine. As for franchises... DDLC, Sonic, Nintendo stuff, and anime in general. I guess I just like characters I grew up with, as long as they're both cute and hot, so there's nothing too deep to it for me. Mario princesses in particular I think are really fun because they offer a fun dichotomy: they're characters that shouldn't be getting a wedgie at all because of their high status.

**DW:** What about panties? What preferences do you have in terms of underwear?

**PK:** To draw? I like drawing all types. I'll usually go with something that fits the character, and if they have been seen wearing a specific pair of underwear at some point I'll use those. I do enjoy embarrassing panties a lot, which is why i give them to my characters, and I'm biased towards pink and purple.

And to wear... well, wouldn't you like to know.



**DW:** I definitely was not asking about what panties you wear. However, now that we're on the subject... what about your main OC? Could you tell us a bit more about them, and how they came to be?

**PK:** She's me. I am her. Mika's a blatant self insert and she has always been one, down to her regularly-worn clothes, and she has demon elements in her design. because I think demons are cool. My hair is now longer than hers, which is kinda funny...

She also has shapeshifting powers, which are inspired by the fact that I'm transgender. She started out as a dude, and her changing genders was more of a Naruto-type gag before I realized I was a trans girl. We're both just girls now, but she still uses that power from time to time.

**DW:** And what kind of media inspired you work? It's particularly cartooney, moreso than most other artists'

**PK:** Realism kinda bores me and its way too time consuming. I love anime and western cartoons. I guess my biggest influences are the anime My Hero Academia and the character designs from the Sonic the Hedgehog franchise. Also, a little bit of Cartoon Networkd shows sprinkled in. You can say my art is a mix of all that.

Funnily enough... I'm not actually a fan of super unrealistic wedgies. I prefer to see something that could happen in real life, only enhanced by a cartoony expression and physics. I think they merge together easier, though.

**DW:** Okay... last question, and one I'm always afraid to ask... why did you choose to draw the, ahem, characters you chose for us?

**PK:** Heh. Heheheh...

Because you are the biggest, most gigantic astronomically dweeby-ass loser in the planet, and I couldn't pass the opportunity to bully you in your own magazine... how embarrassing!

Plus I think you're cute.

**DW:** ...no comment. I-is there anything you'd like to tell our readers before the interview is over?

**PK:** Uhhh... I'm the Princess of wedgies, and don't you nerds forget it! So give me your lunch money and subscribe to my Patreon! Heheh...

*I'll end this with a short disclaimer: Psyko and I are good friends, and this interview was just a bit played for laughs because the tone of her replies was so unserious we decided to go for a more tongue-and-cheek approach.*

*That said, though, Psyko recently opened emergency commissions that you can go check on her DA profile, linked on this issue's Patreon post. She's an amazing artist and friend, so please go lend her a hand, and get some cool wedgie art as a reward! Her Patreon will also be linked on the post, in case you missed it, and it offers monthly sketch rewards!*



# MISATO GETS MISCHIEVOUS

-An Evangelion story-

**“Don’t you miss college sometimes, Rits?”** It was an odd question to ask out of the blue, but not completely out of the ordinary for someone like Misato. The woman she was addressing with her question barely batted an eye, in fact, simply raising an eyebrow as she took a sip of her dark coffee.

Despite the purple-haired woman’s eccentricities, Ritsuko enjoyed having her around on the days where she was left alone to oversee the MAGI system. She couldn’t bring herself to ask Maya to stay with her as she checked and re-checked everything, making sure everything was up-to-date and working properly, though she knew the younger girl would agree to stay if she were to ask her. Fuyutsuki wasn’t likely to provide small talk, even in the rare instances in which he decided to grace the MAGI control room with his presence, and the Commander... he was usually too busy to come mingle with the mortals that worked under her. And even when they did mingle, it was usually Ritsuko who had to go to him on her free time.

“A little strange that you ask that seconds after Ryoji left the room,” the blonde replied with a feline smile. She knew those two were up to something, she just couldn’t prove it just yet. “I mean, you two were clearly the ones having the most fun out of the three of us, with all of that indecent behavior.”

Misato shot her her best ‘shut up’ glare, prompting Ritsuko to shrug and take another sip of her hot, bitter drink. Ryoji Kaji, despite of whatever she thought of him, could make an amazing coffee.

“I meant more as in... the two of us,” Misato specified. She was currently busy spinning around in one of the wheeled chair the bridge assistants used during the busiest times at NERV. It was a miracle she hadn’t toppled over to the floor yet, Ritsuko thought. “We did have fun together, right?”

“When you weren’t... frolicking around with Ryoji or pulling pranks on me, yes, we did,” replied the scientist, unwilling to indulge her friend in the reminiscence of some heavily distorted ‘good times’. Nostalgia, in the end, was only a means of escaping into the past... and, for her in particular, her life with Misato hadn’t been a smooth journey. She was a most troublesome roommate, after all...

“Yeah, I was pretty funny.” The purple-haired woman giggled to herself, eliciting Ritsuko’s eyes to roll into her skull.

Misato’s idea of “funny” was pulling practical pranks worthy of a middle-schooler on her college roommate, sometimes with Ryoji present. It seemed as though she got a kick out of embarrassing her in front of friends or dates, and she never skipped a chance to do so.

“That one time you lifted my skirt in front of Mother’s friends... that was *particularly* funny.” She shot her a death glare, the memory engraved in her mind like an ancient inscription, one she would never hear the end of.

Her mother had come to visit with some of her coworkers who were particularly impressed by Ritsuko’s academic trajectory, and who were planning on hiring her for a company called GEHIRN, soon to be turned into NERV. Misato, who had spent the entire day messing around with Kaji, chose that exact moment to show up on campus and lift Ritsuko’s skirt in front of all of them as a form of greeting. While, of course, Ritsuko was still hired at the end of the school year, she would never forget that embarrassing display -- the first and only time she’d ever seen Gendo Ikari smirk.

“It’s not my fault you decided to put on dorky panties that day, Rits,” replied Misato with a shrug. “I mean, I was the slob, and even I knew not to wear something that would make a schoolgirl embarrassed...”

Ritsuko sighed, but decided to let the discussion end there. She had to take care of the level 3 diagnostic on Balthasar the Commander had requested of her, after all, and she couldn’t let Misato’s shenanigans distract her. She crouched down, coffee cup in hand, to check the small LCD display that was connected to the inside of the machine and began scrolling through the log just to check if there had been any errors while she was chatting.

Her eyes ran through the numbers at record speed, used to the daunting and repetitive task of analyzing every piece of data in a matter of seconds.



She knew the correct configurations from memory, and if anything was out of order, she'd immediately notice it without even having to internalize the meaning of the words quickly running up the screen, showing percentages and file directories no other living person was qualified to decipher. This was the one thing she was truly irreplaceable for, and she wasn't going to ruin it.

Misato, as it turned out, had other plans. While Ritsuko was checking the small display plugged into Balthasar's main-frame, she'd approached from behind with a mischievous smile. Before the blonde realized what was happening, she felt a pair of hands dig into the back of her high-waisted skirt. She froze, eyes going wide as a less-than-pleasant memory popped into her brain.

"Misato, don't you dare," she commanded, knowing full well it was a coin toss as to whether she was going to pay any attention to her threat. For a brief moment, it seemed like her old roommate had reconsidered, as her hands froze in place. Just as quickly as they did, however, they went back to business, startling Ritsuko as she clenched her behind out of an instinct she'd believed completely forgotten.

"Wedgie!" Misato chanted happily as she yanked Ritsuko back by the waistband of her panties. "Oh, man, it's been a while since I gave out one of these!"

"Ugh..." Ritsuko, her butt now forced upward, had to place her free hand on the surface of Balthasar's chassis to avoid spilling coffee on herself. Still, she couldn't stop a little bit from spilling from her cup before she could catch it with both hands and regain some stability.

Right eye twitching, she made it a point to not turn around as to not let Misato see how pink her cheeks had gotten after just one pull. The wedgie brought her back to Misato's dear 'good old times'... which, of course, were only good for the one pulling the prank, not to its receiver.

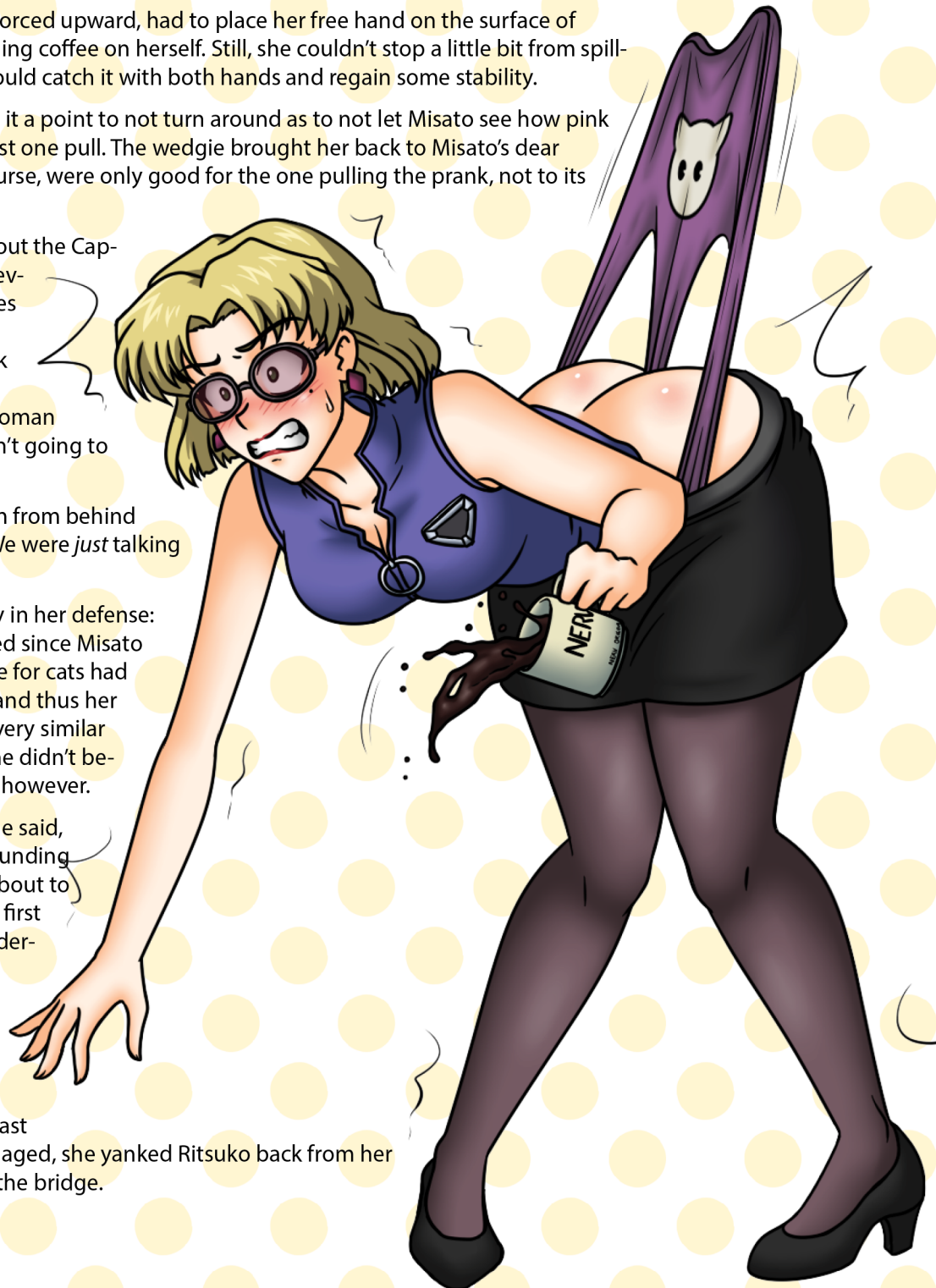
Before she could complain about the Captain's childish demeanor, however, Misato's grasp on her panties softened. Again, Ritsuko was fooled into believing the prank was over, even if deep down she knew the purple-haired woman well enough to know she wasn't going to let her go so easily.

"Oh my!" she heard her exclaim from behind her. "What do we have here? We were *just* talking about this pair!"

The blonde had nothing to say in her defense: for as much as she had matured since Misato had last seen that pair, her love for cats had not been diminished one bit, and thus her taste in underwear remained very similar as when she was in college. She didn't believe it was anyone's business, however.

"Okay, you've had your fun," she said, clearing her throat to avoid sounding like a nervous high-schooler about to be stuffed into a locker for the first time. "You can let go of my underwear now, Misato."

Misato had other plans, however. Barely giving enough time for her friend-turned-victim to leave her mug over Balthasar's chassis, least any of its circuits become damaged, she yanked Ritsuko back from her panties, dragging her around the bridge.





# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #35

"But yanking on these is just too fun!" the purple-haired woman exclaimed with a goofy smile. No matter how much time passed, she'd always be the same immature prankster Ritsuko had come to despise during their college years. "Do you know where the security cameras are? Cause they may want to take a good look at this!"

Fortunately for Ritsuko, there were no cameras in the MAGI control room. Or rather, they were there, but they were just for show. Gendo had no interest in the higher-ups learning what they were cooking with the Instrumentality Project, so he'd agreed to turn them off whenever Ritsuko went down there to work, even if it was just a regularly scheduled check-up. Still, the fact that Misato was actively trying to humiliate her in front of the supposed cameras made the scientist's blood boil.

Still, she wasn't going to take this crap; not anymore. Using the fact that Misato was absent-mindedly tugging on her underwear to her advantage, Ritsuko decided to take matters into her own hands. She turned around, reaching into her pocket, and narrowed her eyes to identify just how likely the next move she had planned was.

Then, in a half-second, she reached behind her and maneuvered her way around Misato's wrists with the item she had in her hands, a motion followed by a quick but quite audible "click".

"Huh? R-rits?" Misato, predictably, let go of her panties. It was only logical, considering it might be the fact that her wrists were now stuck together might've come as a shock to her. "W-what is this? What are you doing?"

Ritsuko turned around with a smug smile, reaching into her high-waisted skirt to more or less fix her underwear situation. "Every high-ranked NERV official is given a gun and a set of handcuffs. I'm a peaceful woman, so I rarely carry my gun on me, but... the cuffs are an entirely different thing."

"Ah... well, that's convenient." Misato rolled her eyes, then raised her arms toward Ritsuko. "But, unless you want us to get kinky, I think you can remove them now. You've already gotten me to stop with the wedgies, so... point taken."

Ritsuko was going to release Misato; she really was, this was nothing but a slap in the wrist. However, the sight of the woman that had tormented her in her college years, the one who had just reminded her of the many wedgies she'd endured during their time as roommates, completely immobilized and defenseless... it made something within her analytical brain click.

"You know... I never quite got you back for all the times you pranked me," she noted, walking around Misato and eyeing the almost inviting waistband of her skirt. "Don't you think that, perhaps, I deserve a little revenge?"

Seeing Misato squirm nervously at the mere suggestion of suffering the same fate as her friend was a reward in and of itself, but Ritsuko wanted to go a bit further. This was, perhaps, her only justified chance of getting her revenge on Misato, and she wasn't going to just throw it away.

"L-listen, Rits, I gotta go back home soon," Misato tried to bargain with her. "Shinji and Asuka are probably waiting for me-EEEEK!"

Of course she wasn't going to let her do that; not now that she finally had her at her mercy, Ritsuko was perfectly aware of how petty she was being, but she didn't care. It'd been a very stressful day, and she told herself she deserved a little fun. Misato's bright pink panties with black lace proved entertaining enough, as the purple-haired woman found herself incapable of reaching down to pull her skirt back up.

"Ah, these are pretty cheeky, Misato," Ritsuko said with a half-smile as she got a hold of the waistband. "What, were you expecting Ryoji to see them?"

The yank that accompanied her words likely stung less than the comment, but Misato's sheer shock at being given a taste of her own medicine was what made Ritsuko enjoy the first few seconds of the wedgie. The scientist had been used to being on the receiving end of one for so long that, inexperienced as her pulls were, she felt a rush of adrenaline take over her body. Still, she briefly eyed the LCD screen from her position, hoping the MAGI were not acting up while she wasn't looking. After that, she got to work.

"Ritsuko, come on!" Now Misato sounded pissed, but that only made the whole situation more delightful for the blonde. "These weren't cheap, you know? And it's not like NERV pays so well I can afford to have someone ripping my expensive underwear..."

"Who said anything about ripping?" Ritsuko asked, an eyebrow raised. She tested the stretchiness of the cotton in her hands, curling her fingers all the way around the waistband and pulling toward her to see if the elasticity was enough for what she had in mind. "No, I think... I think I have something better in mind. A little experiment, if you will. Consider it payback for all the times you did this to *me*, yes?"

Misato let out an annoyed groan worthy of a bothersome child, which did nothing but encourage Ritsuko to pull harder. She saw the fabric disappear in between Misato's toned buttocks, little by little, until little more than a thin line of bright pink could be seen peeking between the woman's pale moons. Ritsuko almost felt an urge to spank them, but even she had her limits.

Instead, she focusing on pulling the frilly waistband as far as it could go, which revealed the panties to be even stretchier than she had originally conceived. Perhaps the little experiment she'd been joking about was actually doable...

"Ouch, ouch, ouch!" Misato stomped her feet against the floor, almost tripping on her own skirt. "Okay, you can cut it out now! This is starting to really sting!"

"But I'm not even halfway through my experiment..." Ritsuko observed, eyebrows perked up as she observed Misato's red, contorted face. "Ah, well... perhaps I could accelerate the process for you, if you're so desperate for me to get it over with..."

Of course, that was not what Misato meant, and both women knew it. Ritsuko really gave her all for the next few pulls, firmly planting her feet on the ground before giving long, consecutive yanks that forced the panties to rub against Misato's private areas. Ritsuko, having felt that uncomfortable feeling many times before, felt no pity for her. Misato was a strong woman, after all...

"Don't worry, I'm almost done with you now," she reassured her. "If you could just pull your head back a bit, that would be of a lot of help..."

"W-wait, what?" Misato turned around, face now burning with indignation and shame on equal parts. "Y-you're not planning on pulling my panties over my head, right? I never did that one to you!"

Ritsuko let her pulls speak for themselves, making it clear that if she didn't collaborate, the situation could go on for far longer than it needed to. Against her best judgement, the purple-haired woman did as she was told with gritted teeth, allowing Ritsuko to promptly snap the panties over her forehead.

"Gah!" Misato stumbled backwards, barely managing to stay balanced. Still, when she turned to Ritsuko, her expression had softened a bit. "O-okay, I see how... I may have deserved this a little."

"Quite a lot, if you ask me," the scientist replied with a sardonic smile, snatching her mug from the surface of Balthasar's chasis. "At least I had the decency to not humiliate you in public, don't you think?"

"Yeah, yeah, point taken..." Misato rolled her eyes with a smile of her own. "So, what now? Are you just going to... let me go?"

"Oh, absolutely," Ritsuko replied, getting close to her with the small key to the handcuffs in her hand. She stopped a few inches from Misato, however, and dangled her cup of coffee in front of her face. "After I get another cup of coffee. Your little stunt made me spill a good part of this one's contents on the floor, and I'm going to need more if I want to catch up on that MAGI check-up!"

"W-wait, what?" Misato's eye twitched as she watched Ritsuko walk away, toward the exit of the room. "B-but... anyone could come in while you're gone!"

"Well, that sounds like a you problem, Misato." Ritsuko smiled at her as she stood on the doorframe, winking at her while she waited for it to close. Once she was out of the room, with the sliding door closed in front of her, she allowed herself a light chuckle and a sigh.

She wasn't going to actively humiliate Misato further, she thought as she made her way toward one of the many break rooms to refill her mug. However, if Kaji, Maya, or even Fuyutsuki happened to be there... she may point them toward Misato's little predicament. They could even set her hands free...

"Ah, mother..." she whispered to herself. "In the end, I ended up being as petty as you, didn't I?"





**THANKS  
FOR  
READING!**